

FOUR GOOD BISCUIT COOKS.

THEY STOOD BEFORE THE CLASS AT THE VANDERWATER SCHOOL.

A Fat Girl Seemed to Make Mistakes, but Her Lot of Biscuits Was the Best of Them All—Next Time They Will Take the Problem of Jelly-Making—They Like the Prospect Very Much, Too.

Grammar School No. 1, Vandewater street, is again in the full tide of its lessons in cooking. An Evening World reporter dropped in there to see the children cook.

At 10.15 twenty-eight little girls with twenty-eight little note-books in their hands and twenty-eight smiles on their mouths filed in and sat down.

"Good morning, girls," said the teacher. "Good morning, Mrs. Hope," chirped the girls, rising to their feet and speaking in joyous unison.

Then the little girls told all they knew about alkalis, and made the reporter blush all over at his dreadful ignorance.

One little miss said something or other had an "infirmity" for some other thing or other, but she was caught up right away by a chapter little lass of ten years old who said "affinity" with a very crisp articulation.

The subject of the day's lesson was tea-biscuits. Mrs. Conking, the principal, assisted at the lesson and kept the children well down to the subject of alkalis when they showed a disposition to impart alien information.

"They are a little disturbed by having a gentleman present," said Mrs. Hope, as a brightly young miss arose and got a little fuddled over "carbonic" and "carbolic" in her answer. She had a long beard of golden hair, and that seemed to engage some of her attention.

"Have you the recipe for tea biscuit?" said Mrs. Hope.

"Yes, ma'am," from twenty-eight throats. The teacher then gave some instruction on tea biscuit and there was a soft, hissing sound of lead-pencils scurrying over note-books. The children wrote rapidly and neatly.

Then the quartet of girl cooks for the day walked out to engage in the production of the seductive vesper biscuit. They were armed with instruction in their note-books. They cooked by note. They put flour into a tin can and sifted it into a roomy tin pan.

Then they measured out a teaspoonful of baking powder.

"This recipe is very good, and if the biscuit are not nice it will be the fault of the cooks," said the teacher.

As the children sat up what is cooked in the lesson, they all have a personal interest in the success of the cooking. They also have an interest not altogether scientific in the making of grape jelly and angel cake, which they do not feel in tea biscuit.

The cook worked with a high degree of skill. They did not get half as much powdered with flour as one would have supposed.

"Four spoonfuls of baking powder to a quart is how many for the flour," said Mrs. Hope, who was sitting next to the girl who was so much powdered with flour.

"If they turn out badly the cook will have to eat them all herself," said Mrs. Hope, who went at fat girl, one of the cooks, quailed visibly. The fat girl proceeded to turn the dough over with a knife, whereas the class broke into a prolonged "Oh!" of disapprobation. The fat girl had gone wrong again.

Then she took a little tin cutter and mopped out the biscuit. Four girls stood up and said triumphantly:

"She had a right to put that in the flour first."

The fat girl was getting visibly distressed, though she tried to carry it off with a spasmodic giggle.

Still the biscuit went on finely. Mrs. Hope's black jersey had a chevron on the left sleeve, where one of the cooks had impulsively touched her with a floury hand.

Finally the fat girl put in the oven, and that fat girl went dejectedly to wash her hands and await results.

All the girls would giggle when a biscuit stuck to the cutter and would say: "She hasn't got any flour on her."

At 11.15 the first edition of the biscuit was out, and a very dainty, light, beautifully browned edition it was. They were the fat girl's.

"Are they all right?" asked the reporter sympathetically, while the fat girl stiffened up to look over the counter with feverish anxiety.

"They are very nice," said Mrs. Hope, and the plump cook relaxed into her chair and a smile. The reporter tasted one. It was delicious.

The lesson was over. Next time they will make jelly. The cooks on this occasion were Lizzie Fitzgerald, Amelia Hupel, Katie Mitchell and Katie Maish.

The housekeepers on this tidying up, were Lizzie Lyons and Barbara Bann.

Jersey City Housekeepers and Neat. Tidy housekeepers of the Greenville district, Jersey City, are circulating a petition praying that the Central Railroad people will return to the use of hard coal for their freight engines.

The soft coal drives clothes on the lines and causes the most conscientious dusting and sweeping in the houses along the road.

Daisy Gavigan's Sad Fate. Pretty seven-year-old Daisy Gavigan, who was abducted from her home in Brooklyn Thursday evening, was, as stated in this Evening World's Sporting Extra, found yesterday afternoon at the Putnam House with William T. Tighe, a bartender, who was arrested.

The police found that Tighe had tried to get a room at several hotels and registered as William Taylor and niece. The medical examination showed that there had been attempt at assault. The housekeeper said the tidying up, were Lizzie Lyons and Barbara Bann.

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A gang of pickpockets raid an excursion train in Indiana, frighten the ladies and terrorize passengers.

Chicago newsmen perform a play, and draw a crowded audience. The play was written by a new boy.

Two of the lawyers for the London Times throw up their hands and refuse to go on with the prosecution against Parnell.

A colored pastor in Georgia gets into a quarrel with his congregation and receives a dose of bird-shot from one of his flock.

THE BALL OF THE MUGS.

Sturdy Young Democrats and Their Friends Fill Everett Hall.

The loyal young Democrats of the Eighth Ward, who call themselves the Mugs, held their annual ball at Everett Hall last night.

When Prof. Robert Mullins and his orchestra began playing the march there were no vacant spaces on the floor. Manager John C. McCarty and Miss Annie Smith, assisted by Frank Riely and Miss Mamie Winslow, conducted the company through a pretty promenade.

During the first intermission several surprises in the way of a floral horseshoe and a basket of choice flowers were presented to President and Mrs. Frank J. McCarty.

Among those noticed on the dancing floor were the following:

Vice-President James J. Boyle, William McCarty, Miss Annie Maguire, John Cavanaugh, Miss Mary Rogers, James K. McGuire, Peter Simmons, Miss Katie Quinn, James Strang, Miss May Glynn, James Traynor, Miss Katie Murphy, Joseph R. Waters, George S. Kinkle, Miss Carrie Meyer, Charles Kelly, Miss Rose Grogan, James Veigand, Frederick Ponda, Miss Nora Murray, Miss Connelley, Michael P. Flynn, Miss Rose Smith, Michael P. Josephine, Rosemary Kelly, Peter Simmons, Miss Carrie Butler, Charles Holmes, Miss Annie Mooney, John Cavanaugh, Michael Kelly, James Strang, Miss May Glynn, Miss Mamie Quinn, Richard Butler, Chas. Ponce, Miss May Riely, Tony Scanlon, Miss A. Bradley, William Doon, Miss Rose Grogan, Nathan Peyster, Philip O'Neil, Miss May Oest, T. A. Fitzgerald, Miss Annie Brown, Henry Kenny, Mrs. Charles Kelly, Miss Rose Grogan, James Veigand, Louis F. Rogers, Miss Nellie Langhain, P. Topp, Miss Katie Burns, Henry Jager, Miss Mamie Hancock, Miss Josephine, Rosemary Kelly, Peter Simmons, Miss Carrie Butler, Joseph Tupper, Miss Annus Flynn, Miss Lizzie Ray, Thomas O'Rourke, John J. Hone, Miss Rose Grogan, Alick Meader, Miss Fanny Lewis, George McLean, Miss Nellie McLean, Alick Hain, Mrs. Mamie Hancock, Thomas W. Wray, S. B. Eddy, Miss Mamie Burns, C. Fox, Miss Mamie Cook, John Cella, W. Rose, Miss Nellie Kelly, Eugene Kelly, John J. Hone, Miss Rose Grogan, Joseph Wiggins and wife, Peter Quinn and wife, Myer Rice and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. McCullough, George S. Kinkle, Mrs. J. C. Kelly, James J. Boyle, First Vice-President, George Nicholson, Second Vice-President, John Miller, Recording Secretary, Joseph Morgan, Finance Secretary, Maurice Flynn, Treasurer; John Sullivan, Sergeant-at-Arms.

NEW FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

Some of the Latest Importations to Be Seen at B. Altman & Co's.

There has been considerable change in the fashions this Fall for ladies, particularly in evening dresses, wraps and even in underwear. B. Altman & Co., Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, show among their importations several exquisite toilettes just from Paris.

One novelty is a French dress of robin-egg blue brocade satin, with front of white satin bordered in gold bands. The waist is V-shaped back and front, trimmed in pearls and opals, with a decided innovation in sleeves—which this year are puffed with a half sleeve. In carriage dresses there is a beautiful gown of mode color Cordova cloth, trimmed with black Astrakan, Directoire style. A Henry VIII hat of black velvet with ostrich plume, a light-colored velvet hat with fern of Chantilly lace falling over the face and a trimming of crepe lace with black ostrich feathers, and a pretty toque of brown velvet with birds and plumage, were among the elegant millinery exhibited.

In underwear Altman & Co. have the most beautiful selection. One set of four pieces of French muslin with little stars sprinkled on the body, white sheer muslin, French lace with Valenciennes lace and caught up with bows of robin-egg blue, has been the admiration of all the ladies. A striped velvet with a deep sailor's collar of Valenciennes, feather stitched, with blue sleeves, forming points, conducts to the most perfect of dresses.

In wraps the Kilkenny cloak for the opera is very popular. All colors are used, and the deep hoods and satin lining are very rich. In French wraps the Directoire style, with wide-flowing sleeves, is the latest novelty. One of Parisian material, trimmed with black Astrakan, Directoire style, with shaded beads, and a third of hunter's green, also with a garniture of shaded beads, is also popular. A striped velvet with a deep sailor's collar of Valenciennes, feather stitched, with blue sleeves, forming points, conducts to the most perfect of dresses.

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A colored pastor in Georgia gets into a quarrel with his congregation and receives a dose of bird-shot from one of his flock.

Edith's Punishment. EDITH RIVERS was a queen in beauty, if ever there was one. Her eyes were blue, her hair was brown and neck of snow, eyes like spring violets, teeth of pearls and lips of coral—fair Edith knew and felt herself a queen.

She was a cold and coquette. She toyed with human hearts and made men worship at her shrine, only to cast them off again when the humor seized her. Worse still, she boasted of her exploits.

Poor Charley Rathburn! His case seemed worse than all, for he was sickly and consumptive, and people said the blow would surely kill him. Old Squire Rathburn went

to see Edith and raved and implored by turns, but she laughed him to scorn.

The Squire's son was sent to Italy, and after awhile report was current that he had died. The Squire was asked about it, and, with a sigh, he said: "Yes, poor Charley! I have his grave beyond the river."

That was enough for people to understand that he was dead, and all the blame was laid on Edith. As for her, she kept the even tenor of her way, and if the tidings troubled her no one was the wiser for it.

One day, some three years after Charley went away, Squire Rathburn had a guest—a tall and bearded man, who, though his face was brown and tanned, appeared among the plainer looking gentlemen and heads of Elders—a veritable Apollo. Squire Rathburn introduced him as a friend he had not seen for years, and Edith straightway set her cap at him.

He yielded slowly to her fascinations, and finally became an apparent captive to her arts. He rode with her, walked with her, danced with her and sang with her; in short, appeared a willing slave, like all the others she had flirted with. All at once, without a word of explanation on his part, this homage ceased; he became desperately enamored of another.

Edith was surprised, not very pleasantly, at this change, and in her desperation declared she hated him. Now love and hatred are opposite extremes, but extremes will sometimes meet, and before she knew it she was rudely occupied her thoughts to a much further extent than she had ever dreamed he would. Finally the consciousness came to her that she loved him.

One evening they chanced to meet amid the pleasures of a social party. Blushing

erism as he touched her hand in greeting, Edith was possessed of self-control sufficient to speak coolly, though her very heart seemed bursting. He spoke as coolly, hearing quickly on, accompanied by the Squire, who, like a shadow, was ever at the side of his guest.

An hour later she wandered out into the conservatory to breathe the perfume-laden air. She heard voices in excited, yet low-toned conversation in one corner, and, recognizing one, she paused to listen. It was that of Squire Rathburn, but she could not distinguish the words. The answer was clear and earnest.

"You may talk of vengeance, father, for I have been three years ago; but I tell you that I love her."

"Are you a fool?" retorted the Squire—Edith heard him now—"a fool who can learn nothing from experience? I thought your Continental tour had cured you of your boyish weakness, and that you would try to make her suffer as you suffered when you went away. Does not your Rathburn pride rise in rebellion against another capitulation and refusal?"

"I think she now returns my love," said the young man, quietly.

"Oh, she does, does she?" exclaimed the Squire, still more angrily. "She loves you now, I give you my word, but she would have given you her atrocious act on condition she had killed you. And she flirts to-day, with the same utter recklessness of pain she causes others, as when you were engaged before. And she would be a coquette a ter you had married her—I know it—just the same. How can you, Charley?"

"Father, I see the force of your warning, and I must yield the point. A girl I cannot marry, and I shall live and die a bachelor."

How she succeeded in escaping from the conservatory Edith never knew, but she did escape in some way, and, pleading illness, begged to be taken home. And there, for days and weeks, she tossed and moaned in the wild delirium of fever. After the fever

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE.

GOSSIP AND NEWS GATHERED IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

Partner Robson Has Secured a Little Surprize on Partner Crane and Some Other People—A Melodrama Coming Without a Tank—Miss Clara Morris Has a New Plan for Her Topping Comfort.

When the announcement was made that Robson and Crane were to play their last engagement together at the Broadway Theatre late in the season, it was generally supposed that Robson would retire, or play only limited engagements in a few of the cheap cities. Crane was thought to be all that would remain, dramatically, of the genial partners. He was to fill Coquelin's place in this country when the great French actor went home. He was to play in "The Henrietta." Now comes the astonishing story that while Crane and Manager Joseph Brooks were rushing ahead, like the hare in the fable, Robson has quietly purchased "The Henrietta," from its author, Brother Howard, paying that gentleman \$25,000. "The Henrietta" is consequently the property of Stuart Robson, who has, in his unassuming way, been booking time for himself in the principal cities, going as far West as California, where the play is entirely new. The manner in which Robson has worked is considered masterly.

It is said that the true inwardness of the difficulties between Robson and Crane was a slight misunderstanding between their wives. The sale of "The Henrietta" took place in Boston, it is said.

E. E. Kidder's play, "A Poor Relation," written for Sol Smith Russell, has made a great hit in Columbus, O. Mr. Kidder was at the opening of the play, and was dragged before the curtain. He confessed that he was the guilty party and the audience let him go.

George Parkhurst, who does some very good comedy work in "The Quick or the Dead" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and Miss Tellala Evans, formerly of Carleton's Opera Company, have both been engaged for the Hayman and Gillette production of "She." Phil Goatcher will take charge of the production, which occurs Nov. 12 at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The much-talked-of "Stowaway" comes to Niblo's Monday. It has been doing an excellent business during the week at the Brooklyn Grand Opera-House.

Harry Tansy, a clever young comedian, has been engaged for "Zig Zag" to take the place of Wayne, of the Tierney and Wayne team. It is said that the management is anxious to have some character acting in the piece, which has made a great hit in this city.

Isaac B. Rich, manager of the Boston Hollis Street Theatre, was in the city Tuesday, and made arrangements with Messrs. Abbey & Schofield for the appearance of Mary Anderson at his house. With Daniel Frobenius he returned to Boston last night to be present at the opening of the Lyceum Company in "The Wife," which occurs on Monday.

Coquelin's representative, it is said, objects to standing at the gate of the theatre in evening dress. He is becoming rapidly Americanized.

Jerome H. Eddy, "No tank or real water will be used in the forthcoming production of Tom Craven's melodrama, 'The Boy in the Wood.' It will be produced by the Lyceum Company on Nov. 12, and later in the season will be given in this city at the Star Theatre." No tank? Oh, Mr. Eddy, you don't mean it! It sounds too good to be true.

Miss Clara Morris, while travelling, will no longer live in her private car, but will rent a furnished house in every city where she plays for any length of time. The plan was first tried in Newark this week. Miss Morris secured the residence of the late Martin K. Dennis, at Centre avenue. Miss Morris will make her first appearance in Harlem next Monday.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL "BRASS BAND." Probably the First and Only Organization of Its Kind.

George W. Clerihew, of Jersey City, is the Superintendent of the Tabernacle Sunday-School. He is very fond of music and young people, and even more so of a combination of the two.

Some time ago he called a meeting of the musically inclined of his scholars, furnished twenty of them with brass instruments and organized a band. The young musicians have been improving wonderfully, and a few days ago on the return of Mr. Clerihew's family from Asbury Park serenaded them. The band is now frequently called upon for services, and in the first Sunday-school organization of the kind on record.

Information Suggested by Sergt. Dunn's Novel Paper-Weight.

Sergt. Dunn, of the Weather Bureau, has a most novel and unique paper-weight lying upon his desk.

It is an exact fac-simile of the United States Observatory on Mount Washington, N. H. The observatory is made of shiny metal and around it, lying on the ground, are numerous pieces of stone taken from the mountain. The house stands about 2 inches high and is 2 1/2 inches long. It is fastened to the ground by heavy metal bands. On the roof of the building are a miniature weather-vane and barometer.

The observatory on Mount Washington is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is at this point that the lowest temperature in the United States is recorded. It was opened on Nov. 2, 1870. In the summer two observers are stationed there, and in the winter a single observer is kept there. The velocity of wind recorded is 180 miles an hour, the greatest ever registered, and this occurred on Jan. 11, 1878.

The weight was sent to Sergt. Dunn by one of the observers stationed there at the present time.

A Big Display of Elephant Ivory in a Fulton Street Window.

A dealer in ivory goods, whose place of business is on Fulton street, is the possessor of the largest pair of elephant's tusks that were ever brought to America. They are over eight feet in length and they stand in the window in full view of the passers-by.

The tusks were brought from London about thirty years ago and at that time were worth \$1,000. The owner now values them at \$2,000, but their commercial value only amounts to about \$500.

They were originally brought from Central Africa. One of them weighs 135 pounds and its mate tips the scales at the 185-pound notch.

They measure about seven and a half inches in diameter at the base, and taper down to a point. A deep groove shows that the animal to which they belonged was a hard worker.

"Zig Zag" Going to Brooklyn.

On Monday evening the musical farce comedy, "Zig Zag," stamped with a hearty metropolitan endorsement, went to the Broadway Theatre. The play was produced at the Grand Opera House, and was a success. It is a good one, headed by Anna Boyd, and including Alice Johnson, Kitie Hill, Alfred C. Wheeler, Sam Reed, Fred Queen, George Kyle and Joseph Ott.

Declared Guilty and Discharged.

Dr. Edward J. Gahan, of Balh, L. I., who was arrested by the police of the Edinburg street station last Monday, and charged with the murder of a woman, was declared guilty by the physicians at Bellevue Hospital and discharged.

Continued.

To accommodate the hundreds of customers we were obliged to turn away yesterday, we will continue our

GREAT \$15.00 SALE UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK SATURDAY NIGHT.

Until that hour we shall continue to offer

MEN'S SUITS AT \$15.00. Regular Price, \$22.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00.

MEN'S OVERCOATS AT \$15.00. Regular Price, \$25.00, \$28.00 and \$35.00.

CAPE COATS AND ULSTERS AT \$15.00. Regular Price, \$22.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00.

Children's Suits and Overcoats at Half Price During Friday and Saturday.

A. H. King & Co., LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS, 627 and 629 BROADWAY, Near Bleecker St. Store Open until 9 O'clock To-Night.

The Voice of Long Experience.

I see no proof of the failure of marriage as an institution, nor yet any suggestion of any better state which will advance morality and happiness. Individual grievances prove nothing against marriage, excepting the parties' own mistakes. The faults and errors are their own.

Through all time marriage has been honored and sacred, for upon it rests the honor of nations, the peace and sacredness of home, religion and civilization. Marriage was not intended to be a conventional and legal relation only, but spiritual as well; and it should not be entered upon lightly nor unadvisedly, but with sober reverence and consideration, with the law of love, as well as love of law.

Read over the solemn obligations taken: The husband to love, honor, comfort and keep in sickness and health, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, keeping only to her, as long as both shall live. The wife the same, to which is added "obey," and both "until death doth part" to live together "according to God's holy ordinance," man and wife.

These vows are taken willingly, and if mistakes arise, surely they are not the fault of the institution. An error, such as is made, is the remedial power within themselves. If, without consideration, it is rushed into; if respect be not a firm basis of love for each other; if selfish purpose induced and deception ensue, then be assured that punishment in no end of sorrow and care will follow.

Hasty words from hasty tempers; selfish disregard for each other's comfort; disrespect for each other's prejudices and opinions; confusion and contradictions which gentle persuasion or "golden silence" might overcome; disregard of home duties; neglected opportunities, which often send a husband to seek for his comfort elsewhere, and wives to find sympathy from too willing listeners—ah! these are the many little evils which mar the vines, and the vines have tender grapes.

We cannot judge marriage by a modern standard. It is not a modern institution. Happiness means as much to-day as it did in Adam's time, and more. "No man can be a husband who has not been and is not still a lover."

Pericles must have his Aspasia, too. She must be his counsellor and his friend. She must be his peace and rest and home, and so keep him love ever.

For those who vow are sincere, who hold their vows as sacred, and many teaching an exchange of hearts, with lofty friendship and respect; love at its best and purest sits brightly enthroned, and they prove that marriage is a noble and a happy life.

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OF EXPERIENCE.

Organist Praetorius Released.

Charles Praetorius, the German organist, who was removed from the Bellevue House to Bellevue Hospital, to have his sanity inquired into, has been pronounced of sound mind and was released today.

Answers to Correspondents.

Admirer.—Inquire of Mr. David Prackey, 853 Broadway.

H. Meyer.—L. E. Myers' fastest recorded time for 100 yards in ten seconds, New York City, Sept. 18, 1888.

Reader.—One of Billy Dacey's earliest fights was with Jack Dempsey. They fought with skin gloves. Dacey was defeated.

J. J. M.—A list of teno teachers is given in the issue of the 11th inst. and many teachers are daily in THE WORLD. There is no reason why you should not learn if you try.

G. F. R.—You may, without impropriety, visit the office of the Standard, 100 Broadway, in the week, and on Saturdays 100, if she is willing. Why not get married at once?

Proprietor.—Pacific mail steamers ply between New York and San Francisco, via Honolulu and Panama. The office of the company is at Pier 42 North River, near foot of Morton street.

E. G. H.—If you are a citizen of the United States, have resided in this State for the past twelve months, in the county four months and in the election district thirty days, and have never been convicted of crime you can vote here.

Deserter in children served by MONSIEUR THERMOCOLLE. Price 25 cents. Give a trial.

CASPERFELD & CLEVELAND,

144 BOWERY 144 NEAR GRAND ST. ELEVATED STATION.

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF DIAMONDS AND WATCHES IN THE WORLD, AT EXTRAORDINARILY LOW PRICES.

THESE ARE THE WATCHES WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF:

SOLID SILVER HUNTING WATCHES, GENUINE SWISS IMPORTED, movement, stem-wind and set, full size, \$10.

SOLID SILVER HUNTING WATCHES, GENUINE SWISS IMPORTED, movement, stem-wind, stem-wind, \$10.

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LADIES' SOLID GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, GENUINE SWISS IMPORTED, movement, stem-wind, stem-wind, \$10.

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